

HANNA-BARBERA

FRANKENSTEIN, JR.

and THE IMPOSSIBLES



Hanna-Barbara

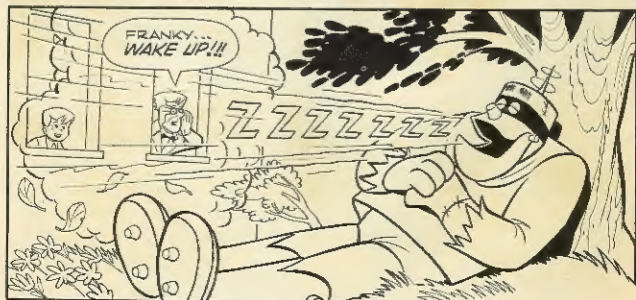
FRANKENSTEIN, JR.

HEY, DAD... LOOK AT OUR
WIND GAUGE... IT'S AT
HURRICANE VELOCITY!

HOT
COLD

WEATHER
PANEL

SUN	WIND
YES	
RAIN	SLEET
NO	NO



Hanna-Barbera
FRANKENSTEIN, JR.

THE IMAGE INVASION

IN THEIR MOUNTAINTOP LAB THE WORLD'S TWO MOST BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS, DR. CONROY AND HIS SON, BUZZ, SCAN THEIR "PEEK-A-VIEW" TV WHILE THEY WORK...

OUR VERY OWN TV CAMERA, WHILE ORBITING EARTH, TRANSMITS THE NEWS TO US WHILE IT'S HAPPENING... LIVE!

(SIGH!) BUT I WISH SOMETHING MORE EXCITING THAN A LIVE MOONRISE WOULD HAPPEN!



EH? IT'S MOVING TOO FAST TO BE THE MOON!



THERE'S A REGULAR STRING OF THEM!

C-C-COULD THEY BE FLYING SAUCERS?



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YES...LOOK...OUR CAMERA HAS
ZEROED-IN FOR A CLOSE-UP!

FANTASTIC!



IT'S LANDING IN NEARBY
CENTER CITY!

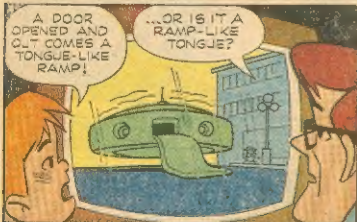


BEDLAM BREAKS
LOOSE AS THE
EERIE VEHICLE
DESCENDS TO THE
CITY STREET...



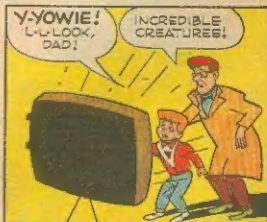
A DOOR
OPENED AND
OUT COMES A
TONGUE-LIKE
RAMP!

...OR IS IT A
RAMP-LIKE
TONGUE?



Y-YOWIE!
L-L-LOOK,
DAD!

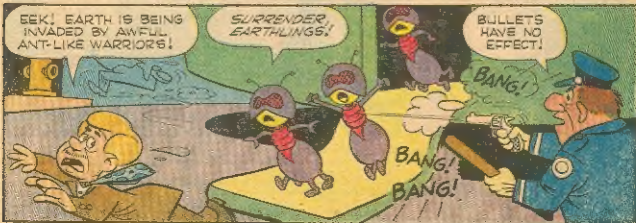
INCREDIBLE
CREATURES!

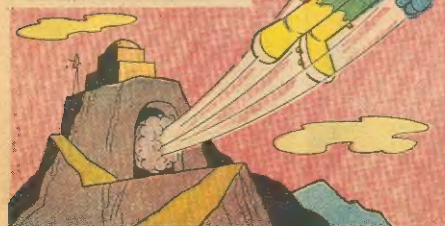
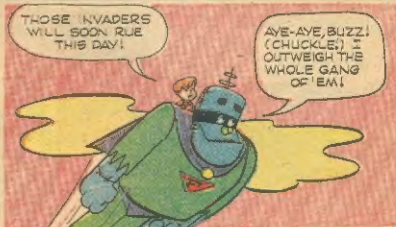
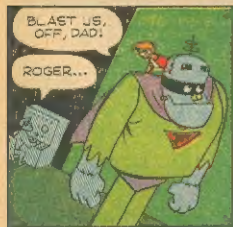
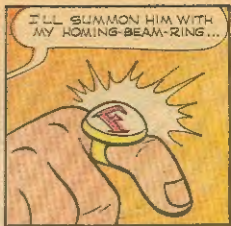
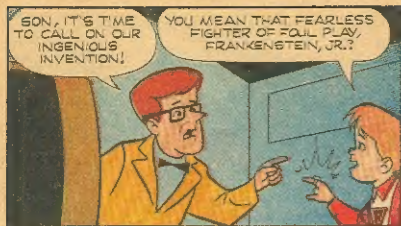


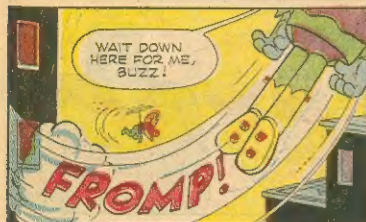
EEK! EARTH IS BEING
INVADED BY AWFUL
ANT-LIKE WARRIORS!

SURRENDER
EARTHLINGS!

BULLETS
HAVE NO
EFFECT!

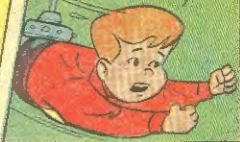








SAY-Y... HE'S GOING TO CRASH RIGHT ON TOP OF THE MARCHING INVADERS!



CRASH!



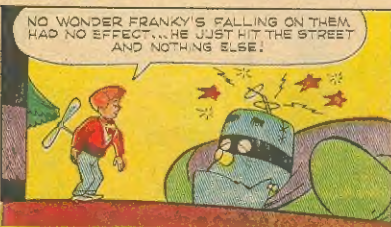
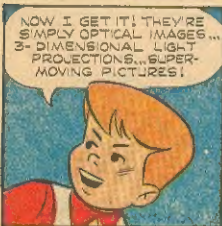
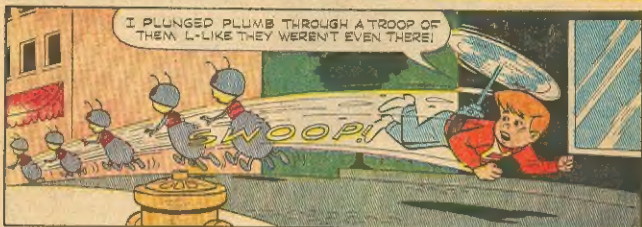
THE STREETS ARE DESERTED! FOLKS ARE EVEN AFRAID TO PEEK OUT A WINDOW BY NOW!

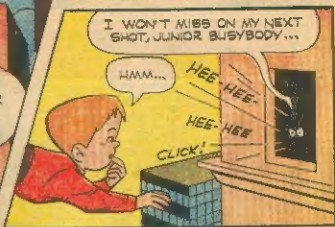


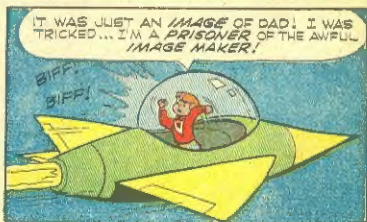
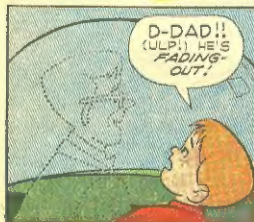
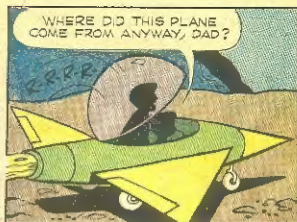
I'LL FEEL LIKE A NO-GOODER IF I DON'T AT LEAST TRY TO MAKE A STAND... AFTER FRANKY GAVE HIS ALL!



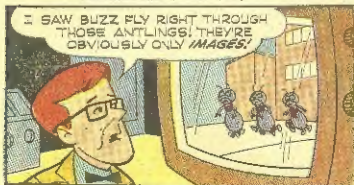
WITH A VALIANT SURGE OF HEROISM BUZZ HURLS HIMSELF HEADLONG AT THE INVADERS...

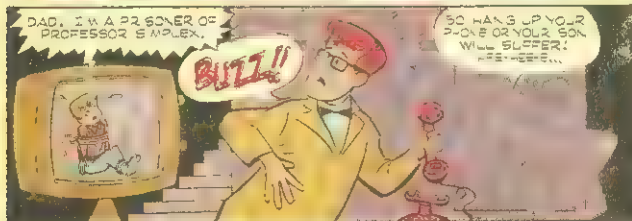
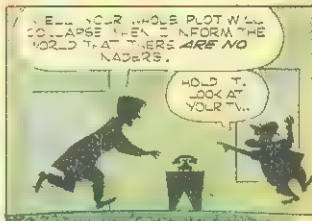
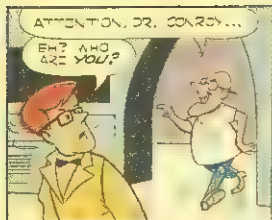


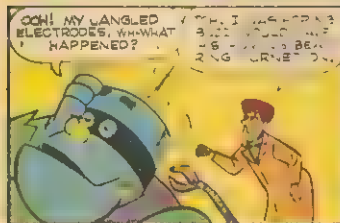
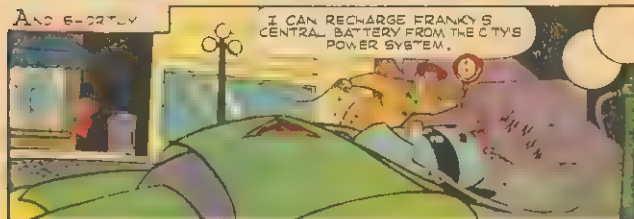
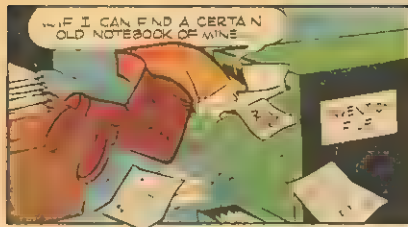


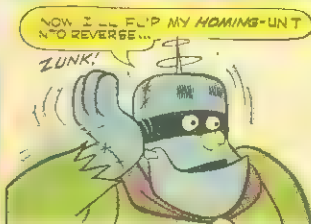
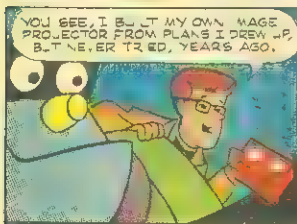
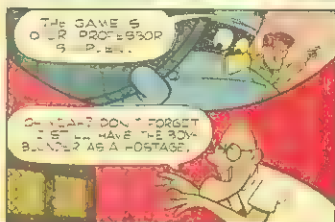
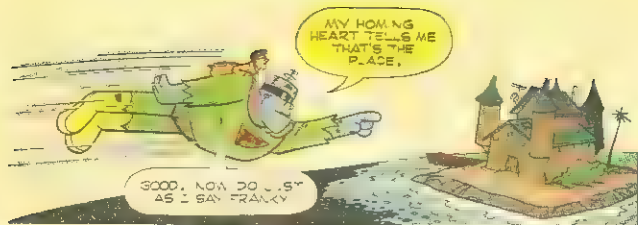


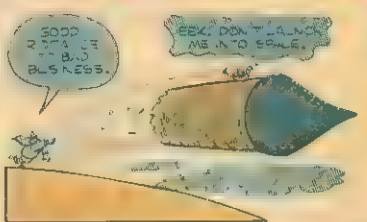
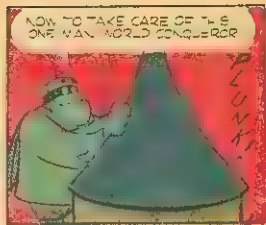
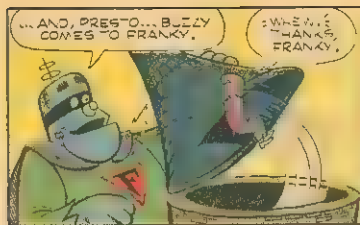
MEANWHILE, DR. CONROY IS AGHAST BEFORE HIS TV SET...











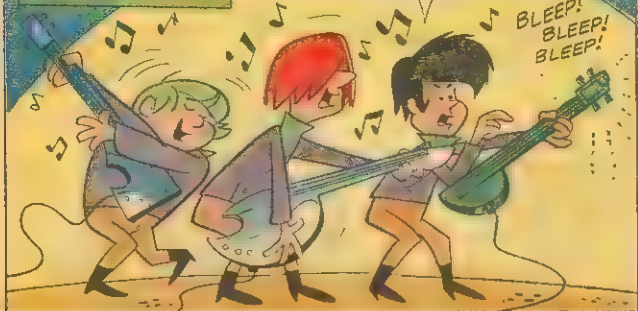
Harvey Kurtzman

THE IMPOSSIBLES vs. THE MIRROR-MAN

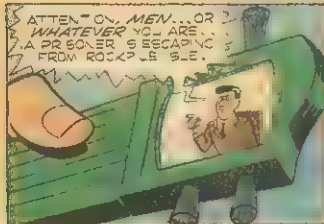
THE IMPOSSIBLES
ARE NOT JUST
ANOTHER SINGING
GROUP...

STOP THE V.I.S.C. GUYS... OUR CHIEF,
BIG D, IS TRYING TO CONTACT US
VIA OUR INCREDIBLE SCOPE!

BLEEP!
BLEEP!
BLEEP!



ATTENTION, MEN... OR
WHATEVER YOU ARE...
A PRISONER IS ESCAPING
FROM ROCKABLE ISLE.



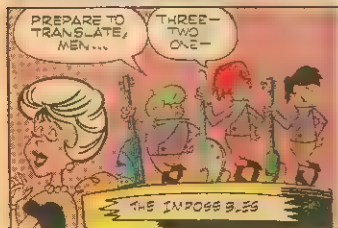
TRANSLATE YOUR-
SELVES INTO ACTION.
- AT 5 ALL!

THAT'S
ENOUGH!



PREPARE TO
TRANSLATE,
MEN...

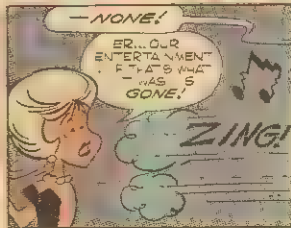
THREE-
TWO-
ONE-



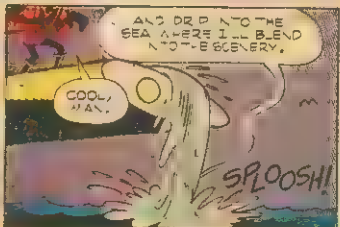
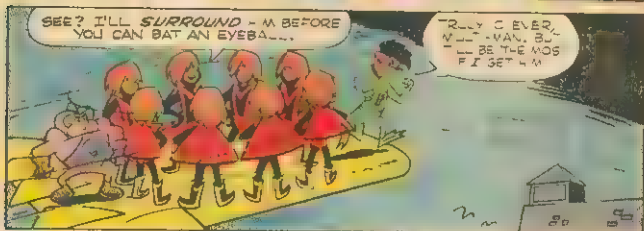
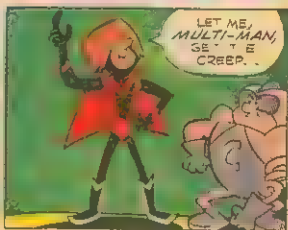
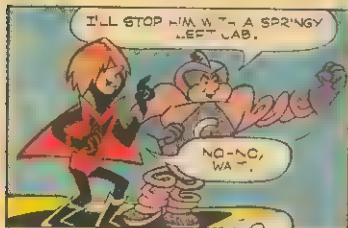
- NONE!

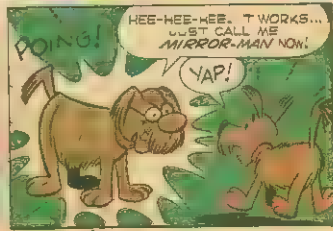
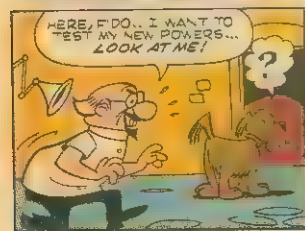
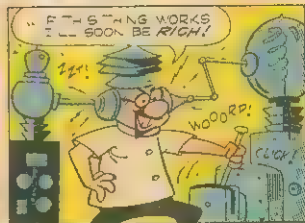
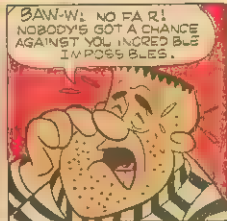
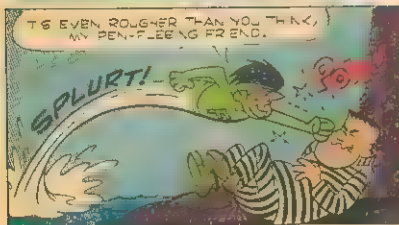
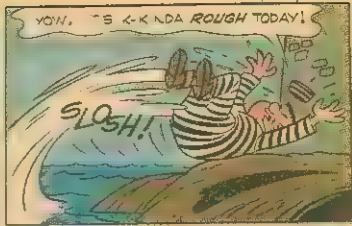
ER... OUR
ENTERTAINMENT
- THAT'S WHAT
- WAS GONE!

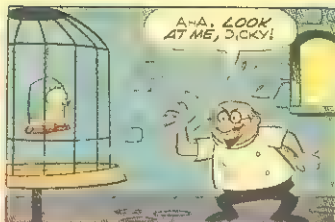
ZING!



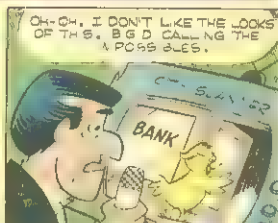
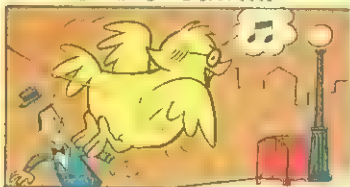
YES, THE IMPOSSIBLES HAVE TRANSLATED THEMSELVES INTO THE PRIME
FIGHTERS IN THE
WAR AGAINST
CRIME...







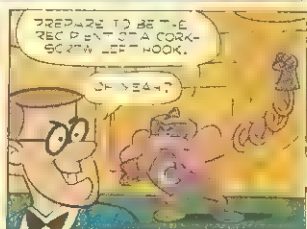
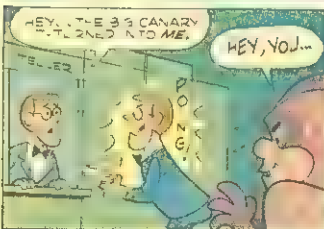
AND SO, A 160-POUND CANARY WINGS
THE WAY TO THE BANK...



AND QUICK AS AN ELECTRIC SLUR



YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, SO I CAN COUNT
THERE ARE 60 MANY OF ME.



MEET COIL-CROOK, C-LUMP.

SPROING!

BOP!

OH-OH! COIL-MAN
IS OUT FROM A
SNEAKY NOSE-
BLOW!

NOW, COIL-LOOK
HERE YOU
COPYCAT CROOK...

GLADLY
MUST-MAN.

NOW I'M MULTI-CROOK
WITH A MEAN RIGHT HOOK.

BOP!

BOP!

BOP!

BOP!

BOP!

HE-HE-HE VERY CONVENIENT...
ME FOR EVERY TELLER!

YOU'VE STILL GOT
ME... FLUID-MAN
TO DEAL WITH, CHUM!

MORE
FUN.

LAST ONE TO
LOL DZE IS A
STAGNANT
DRO.

AAK!
FLUID
CROOK!

TAKE
THAT.

AND
THAT.

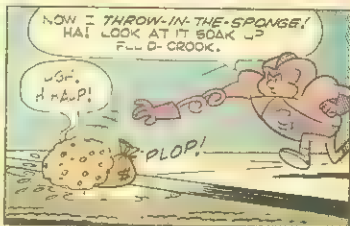
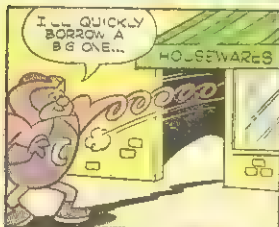
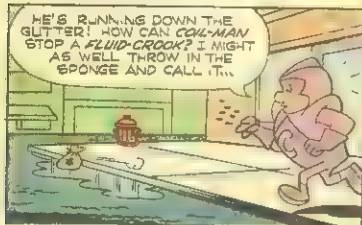
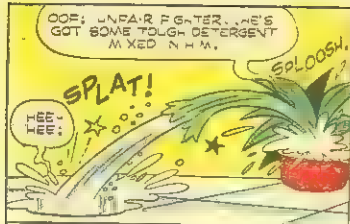
MAN, LOOK
AT THAT CRAZY
PUDDLE
BATTLE.

SPLASH!

SPLASH!

SPLASH!

SPLASH!



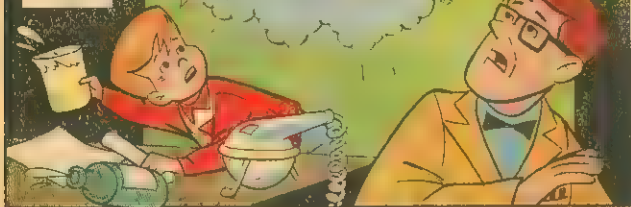
PROFESSOR CONROY
AND HIS SON BLIZZ
ARE SUDDENLY
INTERROPTED BY...

CRASH!

SOMETHING
HEAVY HIT
OUR ROOF.

QU-ET,
GEN-LES
AT WORK.

SOMEBODY
APPARENTLY
CAN'T READ
SIGNS.



HUH? A
BIG CHUNK
OF CEMENT
DROPPED
BY PARA-
CHUTE.



... AND THE PLANE
THAT DROPPED IT
IS OUT OF SIGHT
BY NOW.



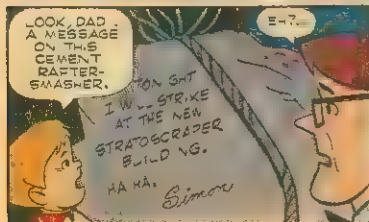
LOOK, DAD,
A MESSAGE
ON THIS
CEMENT
RAFTER-SMASHER.

E-H?

I WILL STRIKE
AT THE NEW
STRATOSCRAPER
BUILDING.

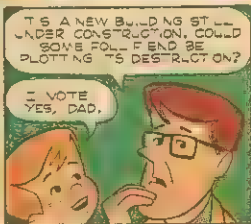
HA HA.

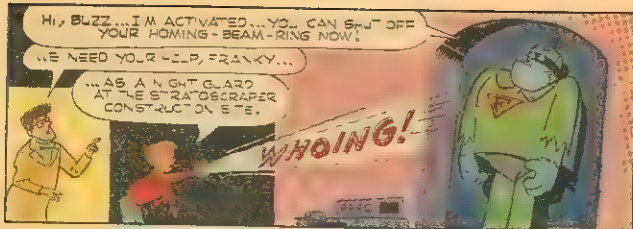
Simon



IT'S A NEW BUILDING STILL
UNDER CONSTRUCTION. COULD
SOME FOLLOWS BE
PLOTING ITS DESTRUCTION?

I VOTE
YES, DAD.





BUT AT
DAWN THEY
ARE RUDELY
AWAKENED
BY THE
PEEK-A-BOO
TV SET...

HELP! HELP!

WE'VE BEEN
SABOTAGED.

...? A-HOW,
FRANKY?

A SNEAKY-SORT POURED A LARGE
CEMENT BLOCK AROUND MY FEET
LAST NIGHT. -- I CAN'T BUDGE.

HOW DO
WE EVER
GET AWAY
WITH
THAT?

I SWEAR,
MOMMY,
IT'S
THE CEMENT
MIXER.

I THOUGHT HE WAS
WORKING ON THE BUILDING.
I EVEN COOPERATED BY
HOLDING STILL.

WE'LL BE THERE IN A FLASH...
...A OUR JET-COPTER FRANKY.

BUT...

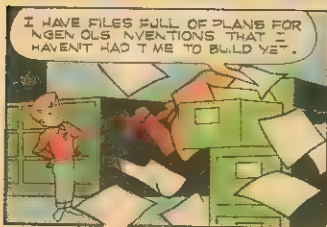
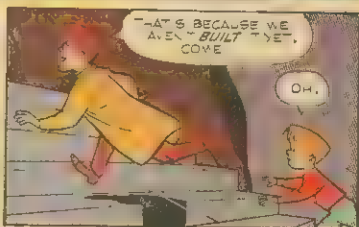
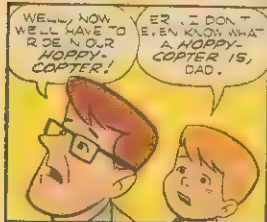
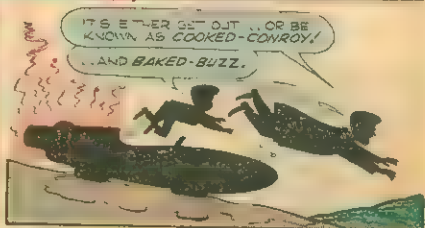
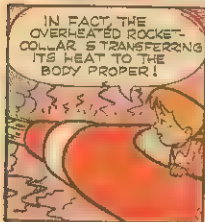
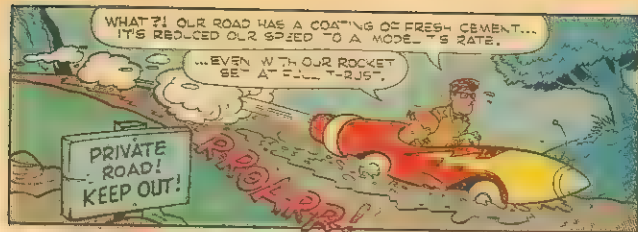
THE JETS ARE
LETTING GO, BUT THE
COPTERS NOT
LOFTING...

FWAP! FWAP!
FWAP!

OH-OH. SOMEONE THE CEMENT MIXER
HAS BEEN HERE, TOO.

THEN WE'LL GO TO
FRANKY'S AND RIDE
ROCKET-ROADSTER!

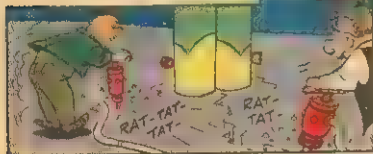
HA-HA,
ME
AGAIN.



AND
QUICKER THAN
A GREASED
METEOR...

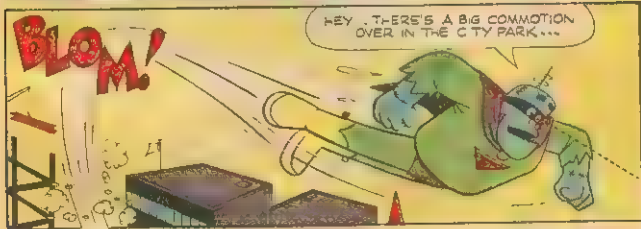


CREWS WITH JACKHAMMERS
SET TO WORK FREEING
FRANKY FROM HIS
FIRM FOUNDATION...



OKAY YOU'VE LOOSENED IT
ENOUGH SO I CAN BLAST OUT
NOW...

RAT-TAT-
TAT-TAT-
TAT-



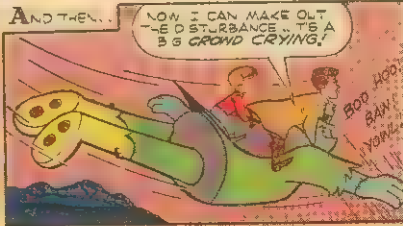
WAT, TAKE
US ALONG
WITH YOU,
FRANKY...

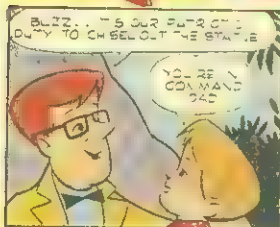
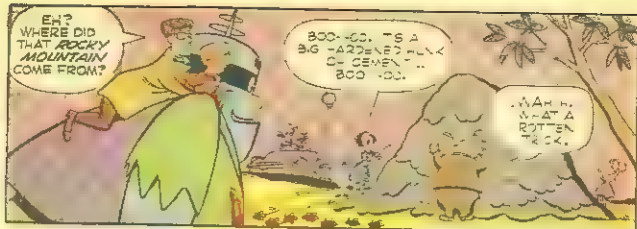
SURE,
BUZZY-
BOY.

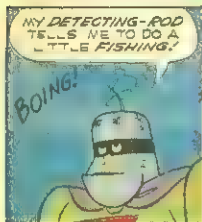


AND THEN...

NOW I CAN MAKE OUT
THE DISTURBANCE... IT'S A
BIG GROUND CRYING!

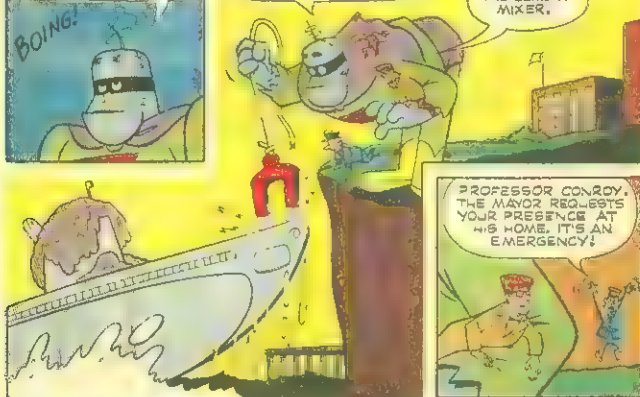




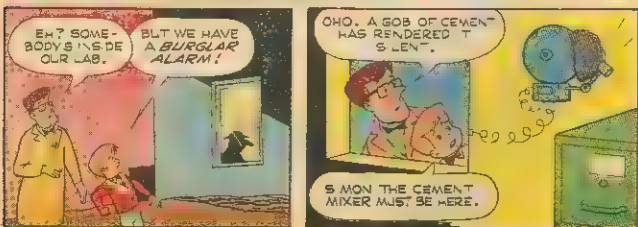
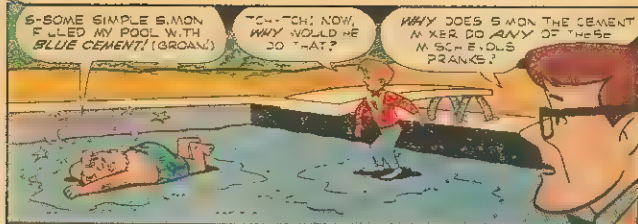


THERE IT IS! SOMEONE
POURED CEMENT INTO IT,
SINKING IT!

5 MON
THE CEMENT
MIXER.



EMERGENCY? PUMPH! T LOOKS
LIKE THE MAYOR IS SMPLY LOLLY-
GAGG NG AROUND IN HS
SWIMMING POOL!



HEY! HES RADAG
YOUR NVENT-ON
FILES, DAD.

WELL, THEYRE LOADED
WITH THOUSANDS OF
VALUABLE DEAS.

HA HA. I'LL GET
RICH SELLNG THESE
DANDY DEAS.



I PULLED ALL THOSE CEMENT
STENTS JUST TO CURE YOL AWAY
FROM HERE... HA-A YOL GOODIE-
GUYS ARE SLICKERS FOR HELPNG
OTHERS.



WELL, NOW YOU'RE CAUGHT,
SINISTER SIMON.

STAND BACK!
I'M ARMED!



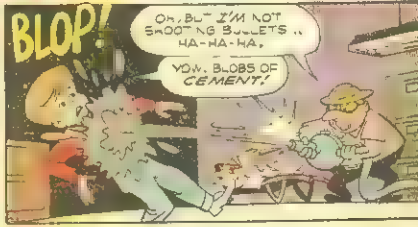
...AND WE'RE WEARNG
BULLETPROOF
UNDERWEAR! YAH YAH.



BLOP!

OH, BUT I'M NOT
SHOOTNG BULLETS...
HA-HA-HA.

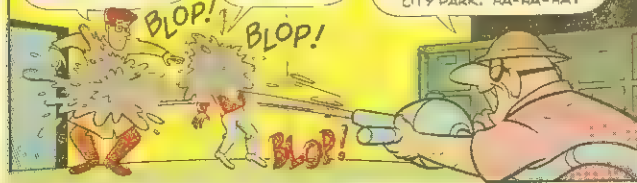
YOW. BLOBS OF
CEMENT!



UGH...THE QUICK-
DRYNG TYPE.

ALREADY I-I
CANT MOVE!

HA HA-HA. I'LL DONATE YOU
TWO CUTE STATUES TO THE
CITY PARK! HA-HA-HA!



T- T'S ALL I CAN DO
TO FLICK MY FINGER...

WHO NG...

...AND THAT'S
ALL IT TAKES
TO TRY ON
B-ZZ S
HOMING-BEAM-
RIG...

B-ZZ S
B-ZZ NG ME.
ER... FIRST DUTY
FIRST.

ZOOM!

WHO NG-

BASH!

EEK. IS THAT AN
EARTHQUAKE?
A BOMBER?

KLUNK!

NO. T'S FRANKENSTEIN, JR.
AND I'VE GOT CHA.

D-DON'T
SQUEEZE ME, I'M
A SOFTIE.

WMM... FIRST, I'LL
QUICKLY FIX T SO YOU
CAN'T ESCAPE...

NOW TO WASH OFF MY
PAINTS BE-FORE T-BE BECOME
REAL SOLID CT ZENS

SQU RT.

SQU RT.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?
FRANKY INVENTED A ONE-
MAN JAIL FROM THE
MATERIALS AT HAND!

HE-... YOU TWO DON'T HAVE
ALL THE BRANS IN THE FAMILY.
HA- HA- HA.

BAH.
BAH.
BAH.

FRANKY
Jr.
HAS
HERE.
HAAA.

Ch. 10

Hanna-Barbera

FRANKENSTEIN, JR.

meets

THE FLEA MAN

WHAT IS THIS?
FRANKY IS TRYING
TO STAMP OUT HIS
OWN MASTER BUZZ...

STOMP!

HOW COULD SUCH A
LITTLE FLEA MAN
COME TO THIS?

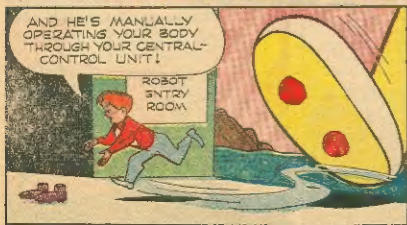
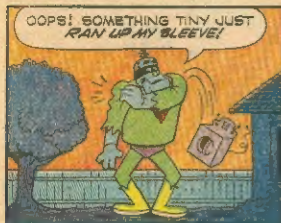
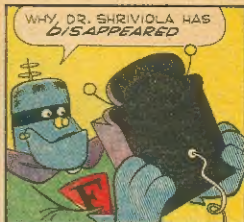
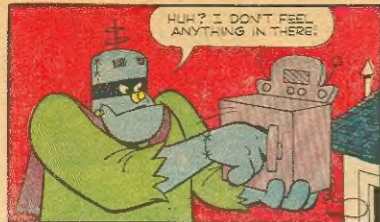
FOR THE ANSWER WE MUST TURN BACK
TO OPERATE ON ROGUE-ROUNDUP...

ONLY ONE MORE ROGUE TO
CATCH AND I'M THROUGH.

GIVE UP, DR.
SHRIVOLA?

COME AND
GET ME YOU-
SE BOZO.

OKAY, I WON'T DO YOU
ANY GOOD TO HOLD THAT
TANCY CREAM CABBAGE.

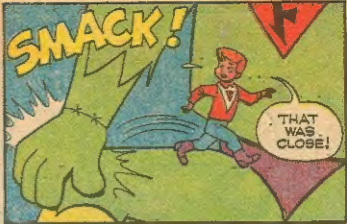


NOW I CAN RUN RIGHT UP
FRANKY'S METALLIC FRAME!



SMACK!

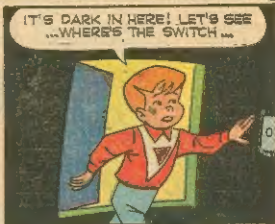
THAT
WAS
CLOSE!



HEH! HE CAN'T REACH ME
NOW! I'LL ENTER THROUGH
HIS MAINTENANCE HATCH!



IT'S DARK IN HERE! LET'S SEE
...WHERE'S THE SWITCH ...



AHA! WHY, YOU'RE PRACTICALLY
A HUMAN FLEA, DR. SHRIVOLA!



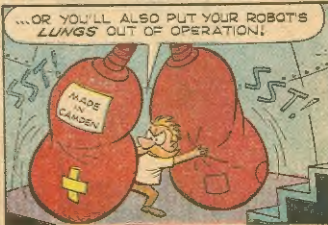
SURRENDER...
THIS IS A
PARALYSIS-GUN!



HO-HO! YOU WON'T
DARE SHOOT NOW...



...OR YOU'LL ALSO PUT YOUR ROBOT'S
LUNGS OUT OF OPERATION!



(U.P.): WITHOUT LUNGS TO PUMP OXYGEN TO HIS OXIDATION BOX FRANKY'S DELICATE ENERGY TRANSITION SYSTEM WILL BE PERMANENTLY RUINED!

SO NOW LET ME REVERSE THE INVITATION...HOW ABOUT YOU SURRENDERING?



FRANKY!
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

YES, BUZZ...
HOW ARE THINGS
IN THERE?

JUST TAKE A
DEEP BREATH
...QUICK!

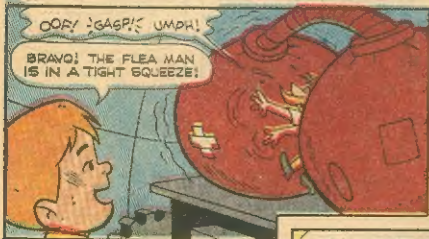
OKAY,
BUZZY...

AHH-H!



OOF! GASP! UMPH!

BRAVO! THE FLEA MAN
IS IN A TIGHT SQUEEZE!



YOU CAN
EXHALE
NOW...
HE'S MY
PRISONER!

HEH! A REAL
INSIDE JOB!



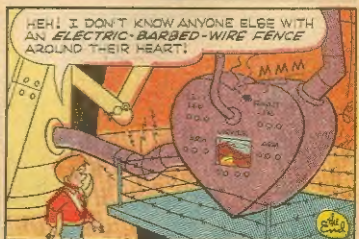
AND
LATER...

ER... YOU SURE IT'S
FIXED SO NO ONE CAN
TAKE OVER MY CONTROLS
EVER AGAIN, BUZZ?

YEP... IT'S
JUST ABOUT
FOOL-PROOF,
FRANKY!



HEH! I DON'T KNOW ANYONE ELSE WITH
AN ELECTRIC-BARBED-WIRE FENCE
AROUND THEIR HEART!



Hanna-Barbera

FRANKENSTEIN, JR.

